DELL

MARCH-MAY

Still 10¢

TWEETY and SYLVESTER

ONLY KRAFT JET-PUFFS 'EM SO THE OUTSIDE'S SOFT AS INSIDE —AND THEY STAY SOFT!

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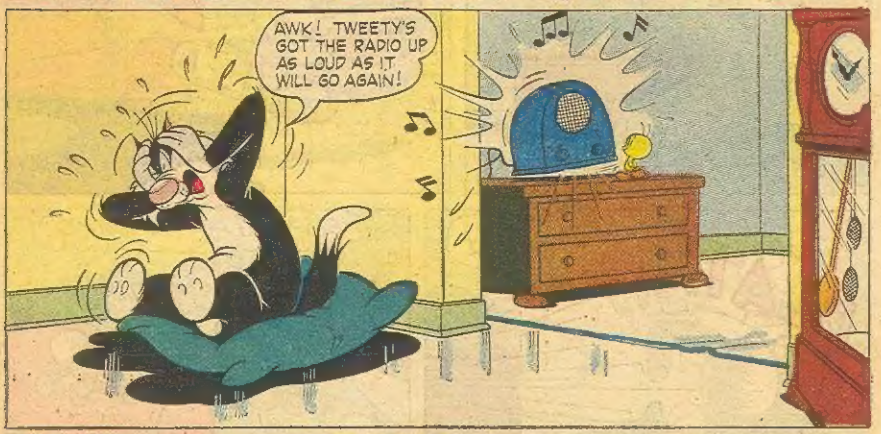
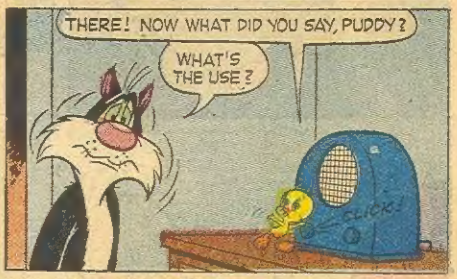
WARNER BROS. TWEETY and SYLVESTER

GIVING THE BIRD THE BOOT





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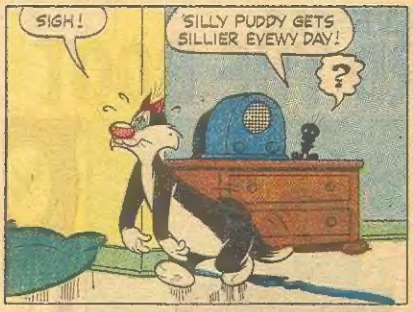
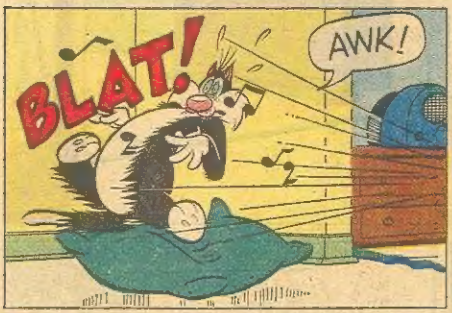
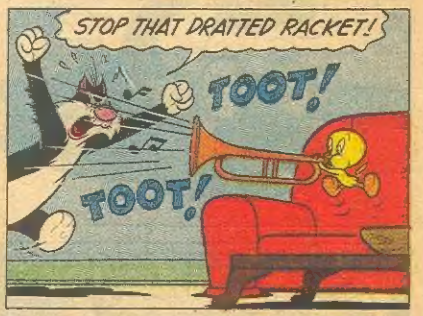
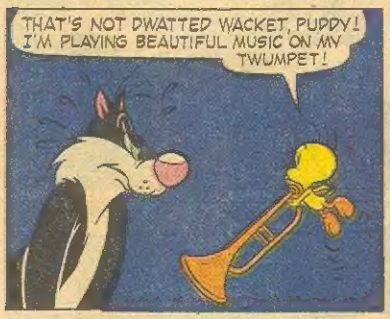
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

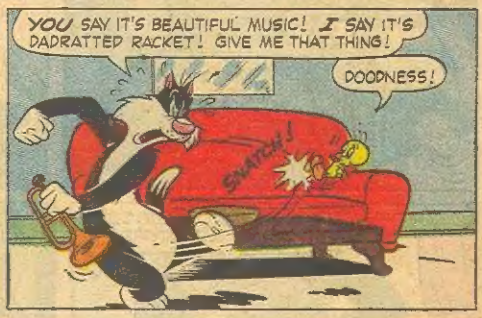

SIGH!
SILLY PUDDY GETS SILLIER EVEWY DAY!
?

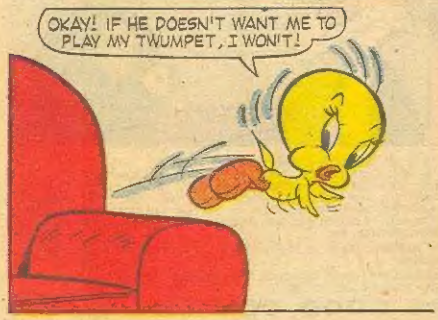
OH, WELL, I'M TIRED OF LISTENING TO THE WADIO! I WILL PLAY MY LITTLE HORN!

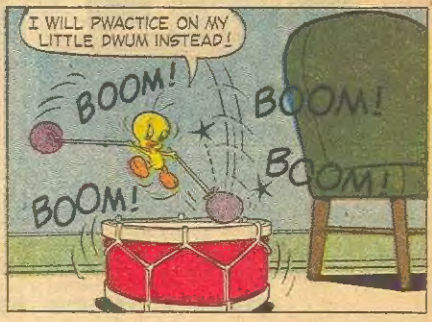

BLAT!
AWK!


STOP THAT DRATTED RACKET!
TOOT!
TOOT!

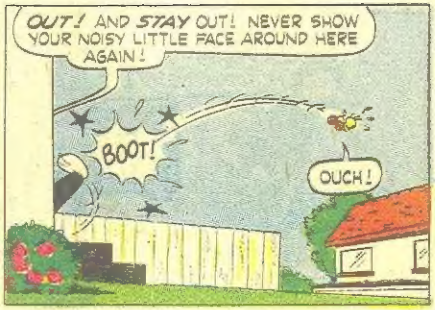

THAT'S NOT DWATTED WACKET, PUDDY! I'M PLAYING BEAUTIFUL MUSIC ON MY TWUMPET!

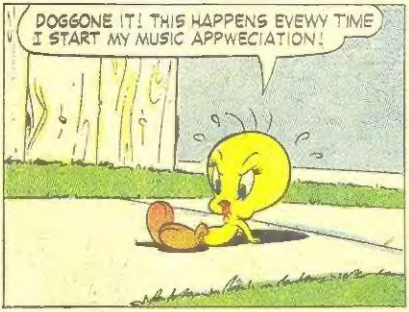

YOU SAY IT'S BEAUTIFUL MUSIC! I SAY IT'S DADRATTED RACKET! GIVE ME THAT THING!
DOODNESS!
SNATCH!

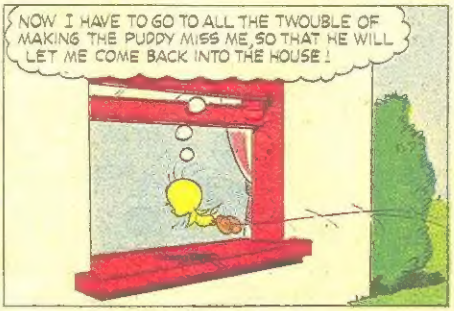

OKAY! IF HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO PLAY MY TWUMPET, I WON'T!

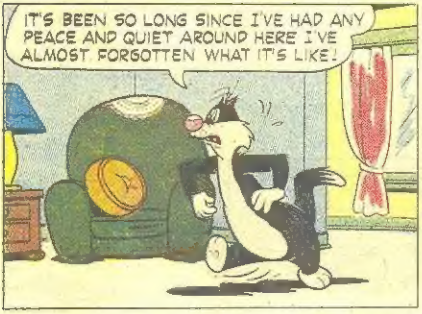

I WILL PWACTICE ON MY LITTLE DWUM INSTEAD!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

THAT DID IT!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

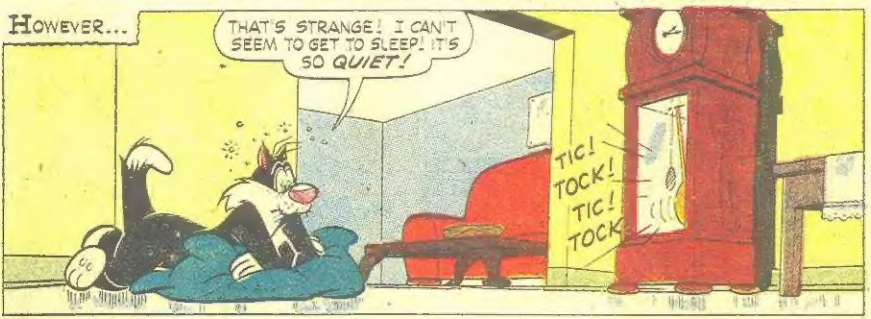

OUT! AND STAY OUT! NEVER SHOW YOUR NOISY LITTLE FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN!
BOOT!
OUCH!


DOGGONE IT! THIS HAPPENS EVEWY TIME I START MY MUSIC APPWECIATION!

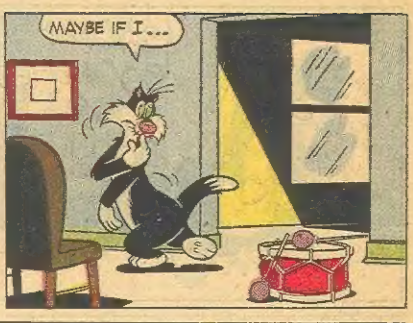

NOW I HAVE TO GO TO ALL THE TWOUBLE OF MAKING THE PUDDY MISS ME, SO THAT HE WILL LET ME COME BACK INTO THE HOUSE!

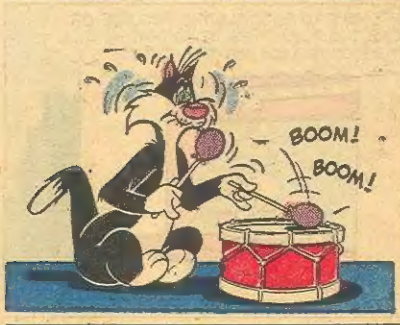

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE HAD ANY PEACE AND QUIET AROUND HERE I'VE ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT IT'S LIKE!

BUT WITH TWEETY GONE THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT! NOW I CAN REALLY GET SOME REST! HEH, HEH!
PAT!
PAT!
PAT!
PAT!

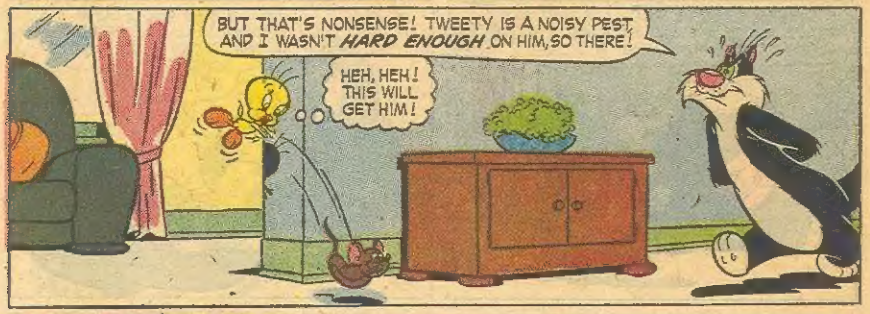

HOWEVER...
THAT'S STRANGE! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET TO SLEEP! IT'S SO QUIET!
TIC!
TOCK!
TIC!
TOCK

THE SOFT TICKING OF THAT CLOCK IS CERTAINLY ANNOYING!
TICK! TOCK! TIC! TOCK!


MAYBE IF I...

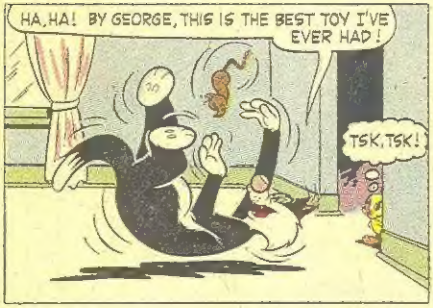

BOOM!
BOOM!

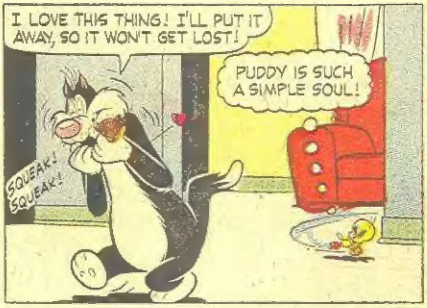
AW! THAT'S NO GOOD! GOSH! MAYBE I WAS TOO HARD ON TWEETY!
I THINK NOW IS THE TIME TO GO TO WORK ON PUDDY!

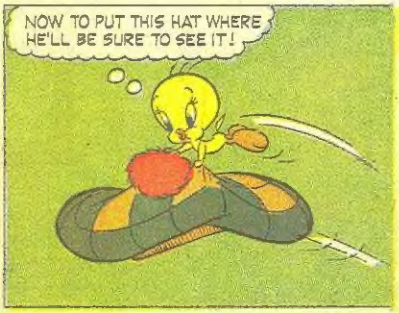

BUT THAT'S NONSENSE! TWEETY IS A NOISY PEST, AND I WASN'T *HARD ENOUGH* ON HIM, SO THERE!
HEH, HEH! THIS WILL GET HIM!

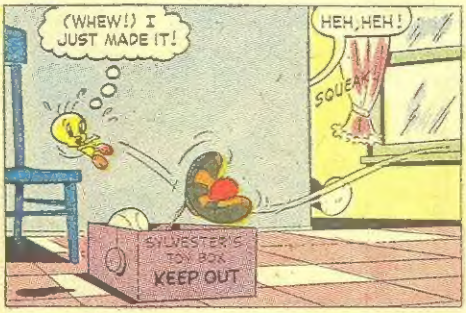
HUH? WHAT'S THAT?
?
SNICKER!
SQUEAK!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! IT'S THE LITTLE CATNIP MOUSE TWEETY GAVE ME FOR MY BIRTHDAY!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!

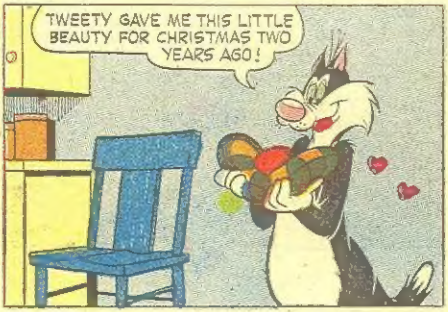

HA, HA! BY GEORGE, THIS IS THE BEST TOY I'VE EVER HAD!
TSK, TSK!


I LOVE THIS THING! I'LL PUT IT AWAY, SO IT WON'T GET LOST!
PUDDY IS SUCH A SIMPLE SOUL!
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

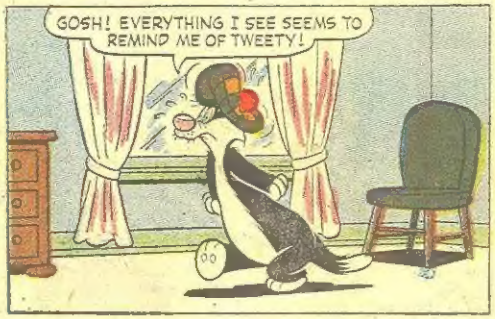

NOW TO PUT THIS HAT WHERE HE'LL BE SURE TO SEE IT!

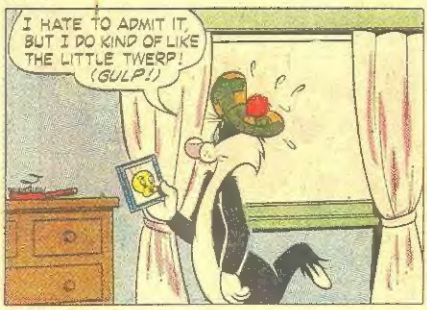

(WHEW!) I JUST MADE IT!
HEH, HEH!
SQUEAK
SYLVESTER'S TOY BOX
KEEP OUT

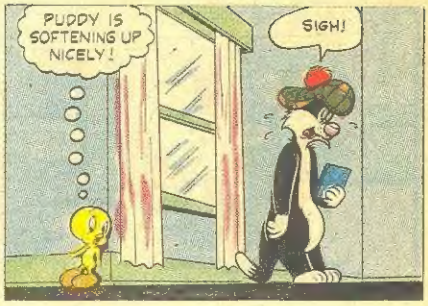
WHY, HERE'S MY BEST DRESS-UP HAT! I THOUGHT I'D LOST IT!
SYLVESTER'S TOY BOX
KEEP OUT

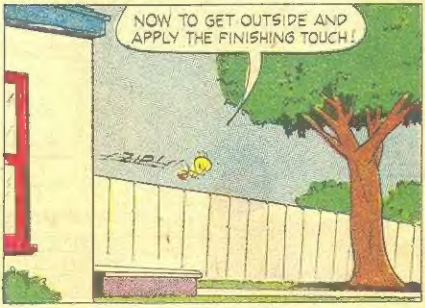

TWEETY GAVE ME THIS LITTLE BEAUTY FOR CHRISTMAS TWO YEARS AGO!

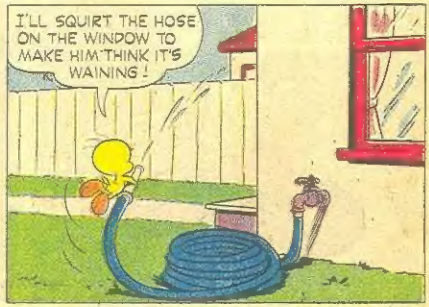
THAT'S ONE THING I'LL SAY FOR TWEETY— HE SURE HAS GOOD TASTE!


GOSH! EVERYTHING I SEE SEEMS TO REMIND ME OF TWEETY!


I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I DO KIND OF LIKE THE LITTLE TWERP! (GULP!)

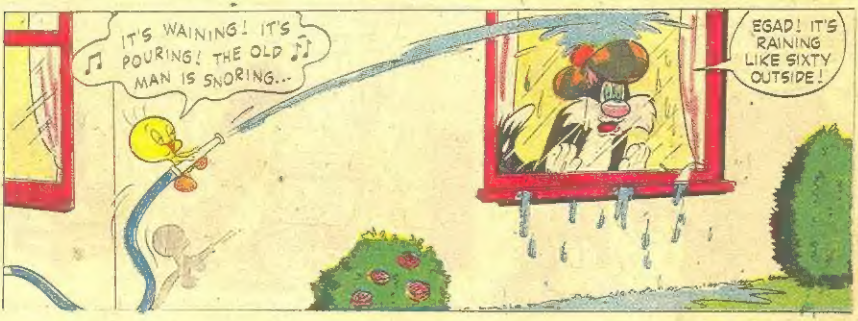

PUDDY IS SOFTENING UP NICELY!
SIGH!


NOW TO GET OUTSIDE AND APPLY THE FINISHING TOUCH!
ZIP!

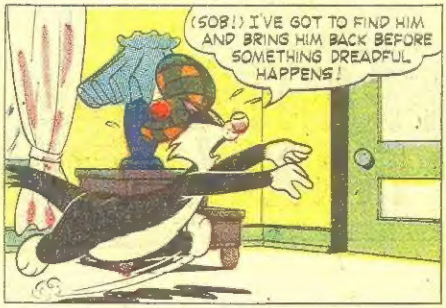

I'LL SQUIRT THE HOSE ON THE WINDOW TO MAKE HIM THINK IT'S WAINING!

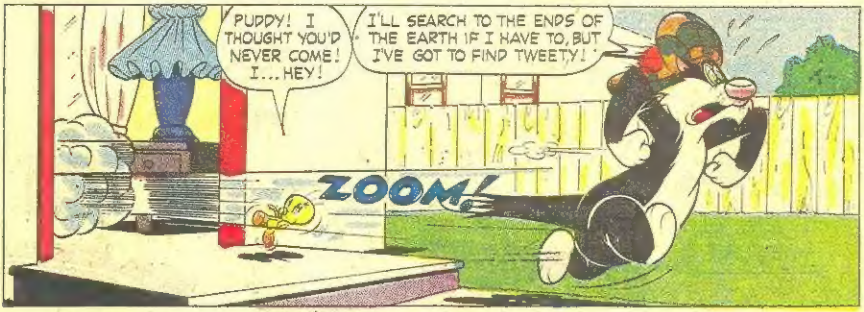
TO THINK OF ALL THE YEARS WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER, AND JUST BECAUSE HE MADE AN ITTY BITTY BIT OF NOISE, I THREW HIM OUT IN THE COLD!

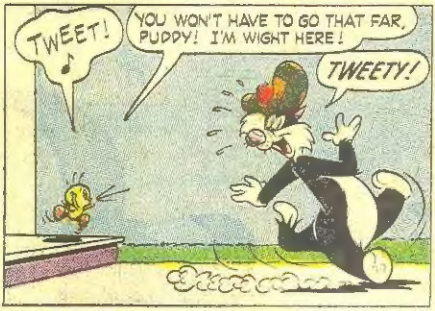
I'M A BEAST! A... HUH? WHAT'S THAT?
SPATTER!
SPATTER!
SPATTER!

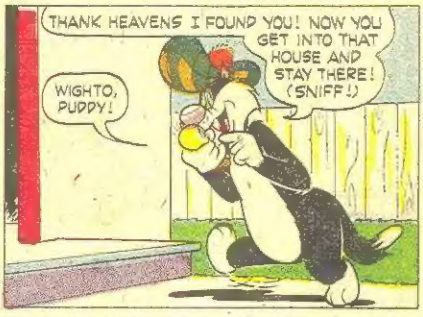

IT'S WAINING! IT'S POURING! THE OLD MAN IS SNORING...
EGAD! IT'S RAINING LIKE SIXTY OUTSIDE!

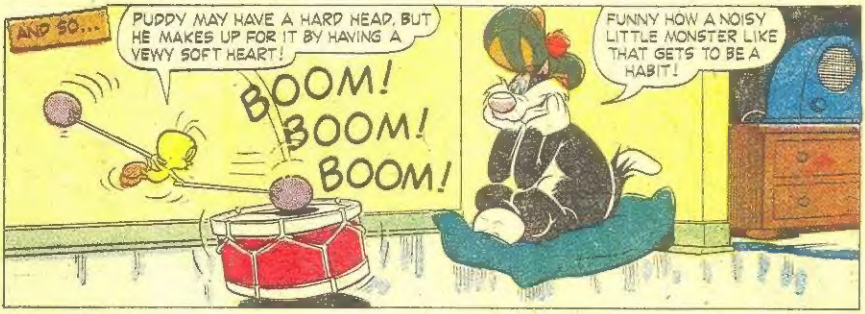
BAWW! TWEETY'S OUT THERE, COLD AND WET, WITH NO PLACE TO GO! AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT! BAWW!


(SOB!) I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM BACK BEFORE SOMETHING DREADFUL HAPPENS!


PUDDY! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME! I... HEY!
I'LL SEARCH TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH IF I HAVE TO, BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND TWEETY!
ZOOM!


TWEET!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO THAT FAR, PUDDY! I'M WIGHT HERE!
TWEETY!

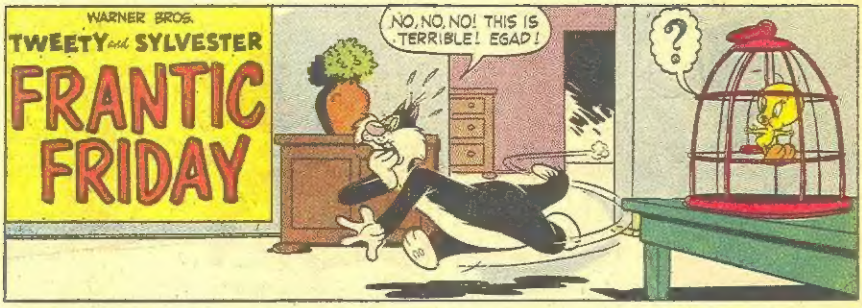

THANK HEAVENS I FOUND YOU! NOW YOU GET INTO THAT HOUSE AND STAY THERE! (SNIFF!)
WIGHTO, PUDDY!

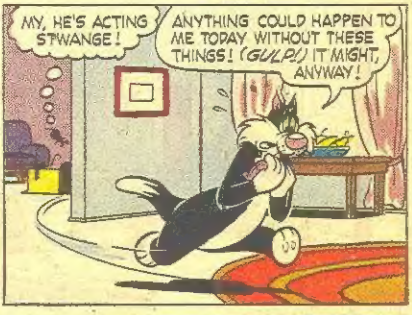

AND SO...
PUDDY MAY HAVE A HARD HEAD, BUT HE MAKES UP FOR IT BY HAVING A VEWY SOFT HEART!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
FUNNY HOW A NOISY LITTLE MONSTER LIKE THAT GETS TO BE A HABIT!

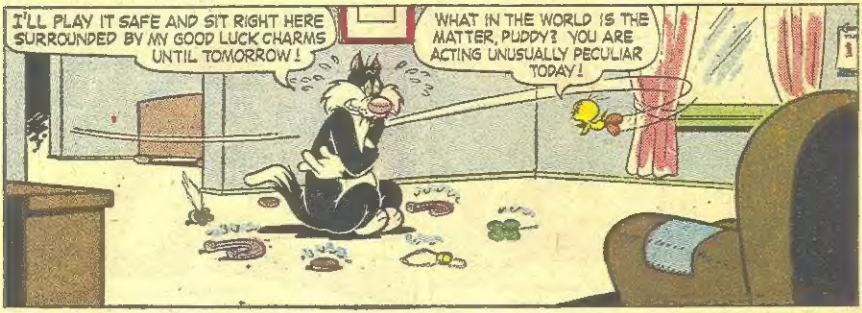
WARNER BROS.

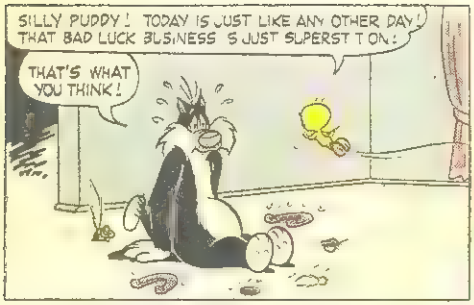
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

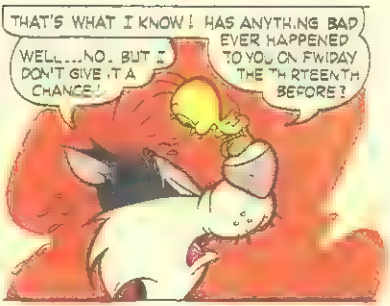
FRANTIC FRIDAY

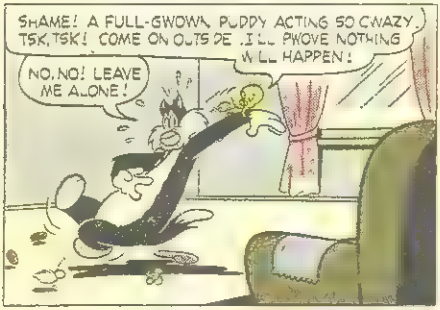


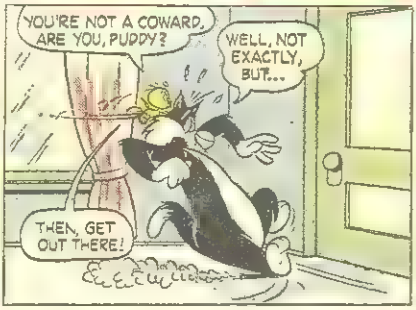


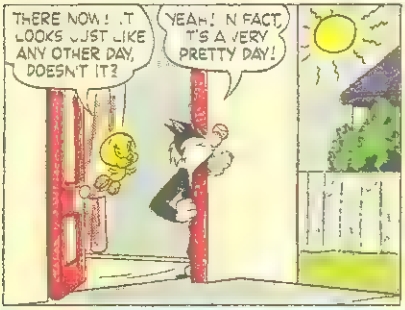


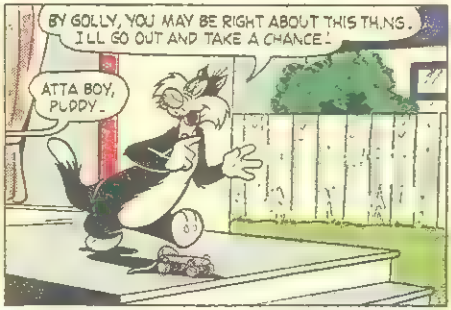

SILLY PUDDY! TODAY IS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER DAY! THAT BAD LUCK BUSINESS S JUST SUPERST T ON!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

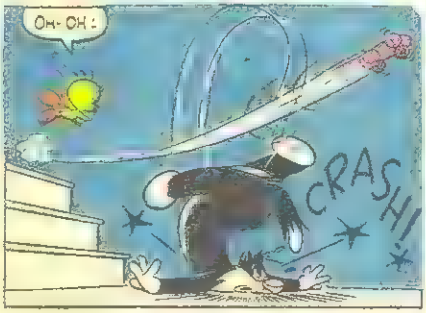

THAT'S WHAT I KNOW! HAS ANYTH.NG BAD EVER HAPPENED TO YOU ON FWIDAY THE TH RTEENTH BEFORE?
WELL....NO. BUT I DON'T GIVE .T A CHANCE!

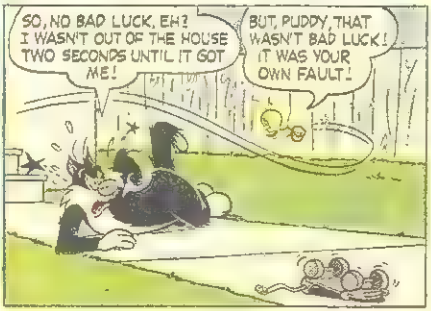

SHAME! A FULL-GWOWN PUDDY ACTING SO CWAZY. TSK, TSK! COME ON OUTS DE .I'LL PWOVE NOTHING W LL HAPPEN!
NO, NO! LEAVE ME ALONE!

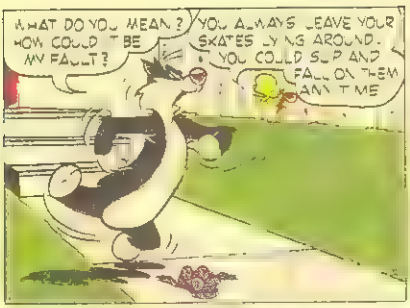

YOU'RE NOT A COWARD, ARE YOU, PUDDY?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY, BUT...
THEN, GET OUT THERE!

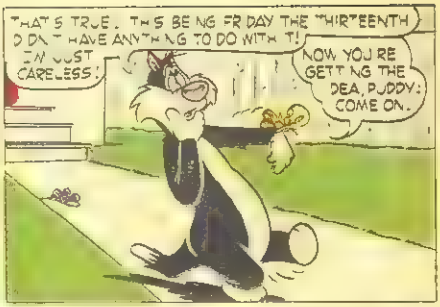

THERE NOW! .T LOOKS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER DAY, DOESN'T IT?
YEAH! N FACT, T'S A VERY PRETTY DAY!

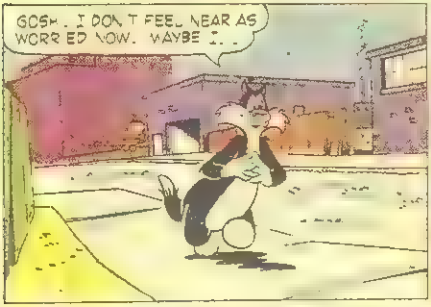

BY GOLLY, YOU MAY BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS TH.NG. I'LL GO OUT AND TAKE A CHANCE!
ATTA BOY, PUDDY.

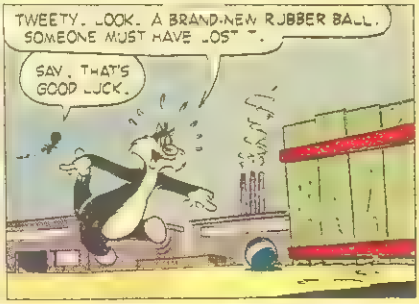

OH-OH!
CRASH!

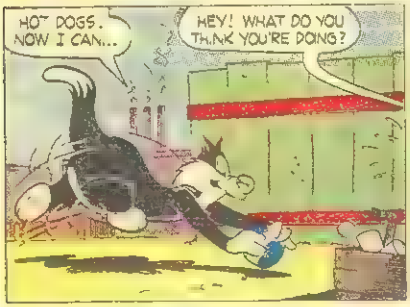

SO, NO BAD LUCK, EH? I WASN'T OUT OF THE HOUSE TWO SECONDS UNTIL IT GOT ME!
BUT, PUDDY, THAT WASN'T BAD LUCK! IT WAS YOUR OWN FAULT!

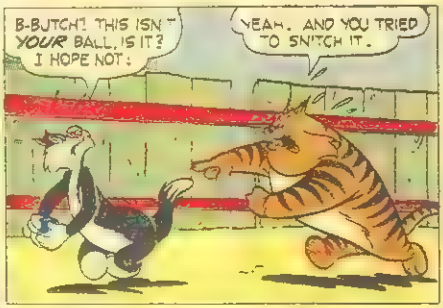

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HOW COULD IT BE MY FAULT?
YOU ALWAYS LEAVE YOUR SKATES LYING AROUND. YOU COULD SLIP AND FALL ON THEM ANY TIME

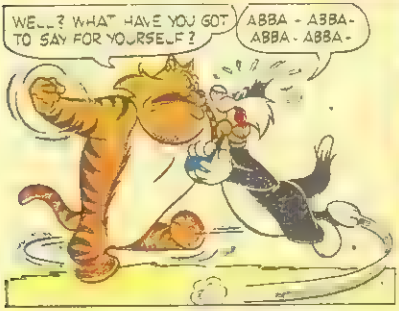

THAT'S TRUE. THIS BEING FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT! I'M JUST CARELESS!
NOW YOU'RE GETTING THE IDEA, PUDDY: COME ON.

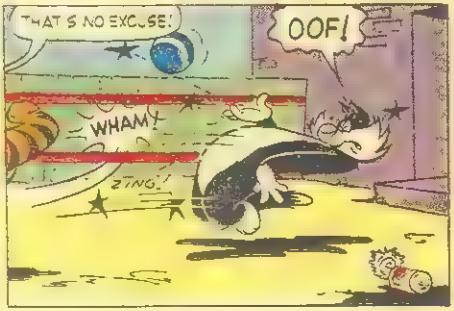

GOSH. I DON'T FEEL NEAR AS WORRIED NOW. MAYBE I...

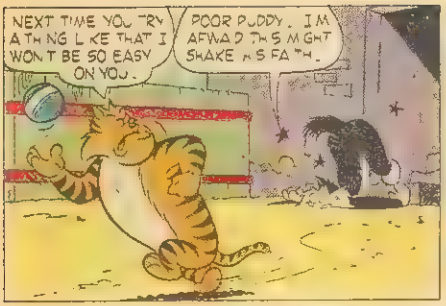

TWEETY. LOOK. A BRAND-NEW RUBBER BALL. SOMEONE MUST HAVE LOST IT.
SAY, THAT'S GOOD LUCK.

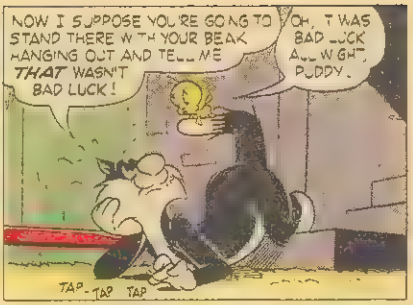

HOT DOGS. NOW I CAN...
HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

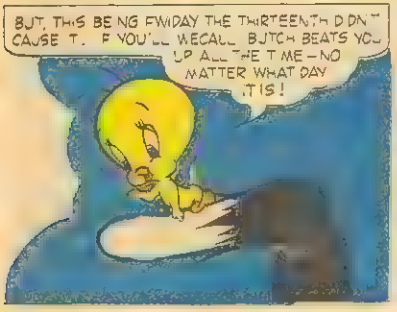

B-BUTCH! THIS ISN'T *YOUR* BALL, IS IT? I HOPE NOT:
YEAH. AND YOU TRIED TO SNITCH IT.

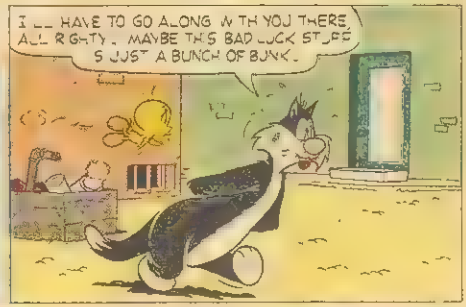

WELL? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
ABBA - ABBA- ABBA - ABBA -

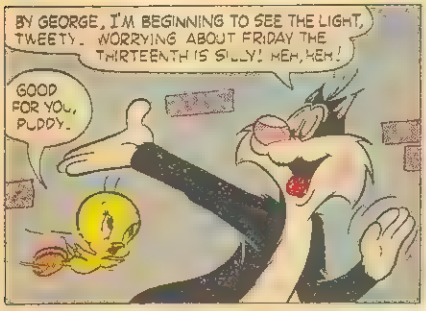

THAT'S NO EXCUSE!
OOF!
WHAM!
ZING!

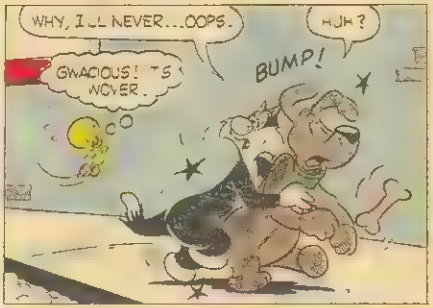

NEXT TIME YOU TRY ATHING LIKE THAT I WON'T BE SO EASY ON YOU.
POOR PUDDY. I'M AFRAID THIS MIGHT SHAKE HIS FAITH.

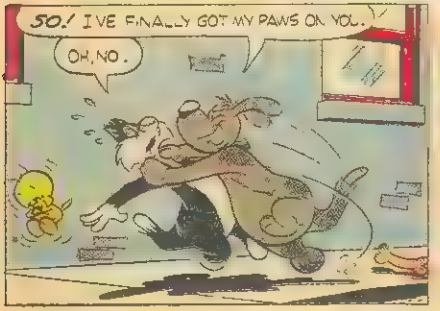

NOW I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO STAND THERE WITH YOUR BEAK HANGING OUT AND TELL ME THAT WASN'T BAD LUCK!
OH, IT WAS BAD LUCK ALRIGHT, PUDDY.
TAP-TAP TAP

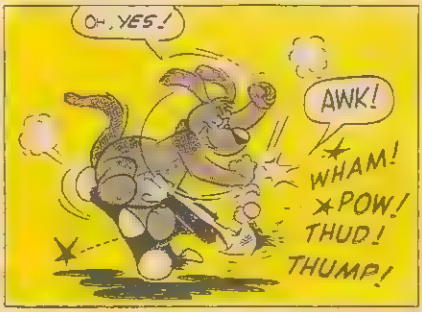

BUT, THIS BEING FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH DON'T CAUSE IT. IF YOU'LL RECALL BUTCH BEATS YOU UP ALL THE TIME—NO MATTER WHAT DAY IT IS!

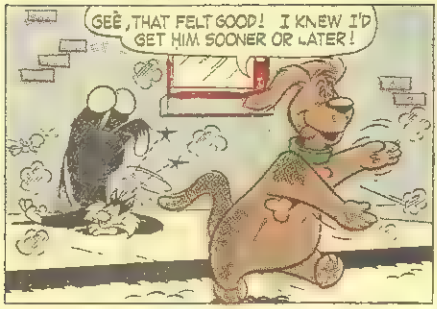

I'LL HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH YOU THERE, ALRIGHTY. MAYBE THIS BAD LUCK STUFF IS JUST A BUNCH OF BUNK.

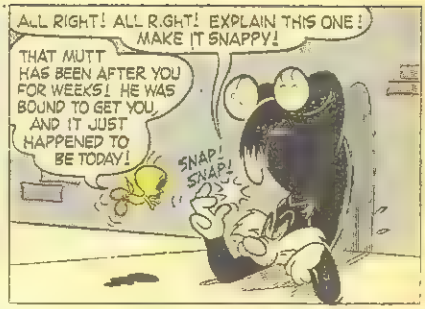

BY GEORGE, I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT, TWEETY. WORRYING ABOUT FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH IS SILLY! HEH, HEH!
GOOD FOR YOU, PUDDY.

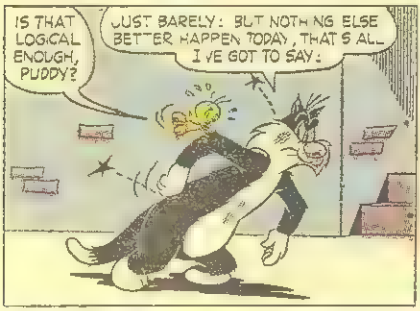

WHY, I'LL NEVER...OOPS.
HUH?
GRACIOUS! THIS MOVER.
BUMP!

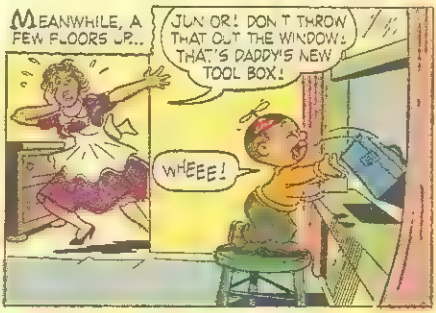

SO! I'VE FINALLY GOT MY PAWS ON YOU.
OH, NO.


OH, YES!
AWK!
WHAM!
POW!
THUD!
THUMP!

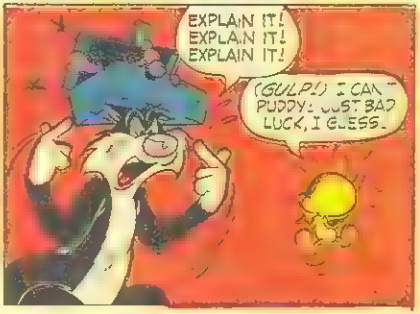

GEE, THAT FELT GOOD! I KNEW I'D GET HIM SOONER OR LATER!

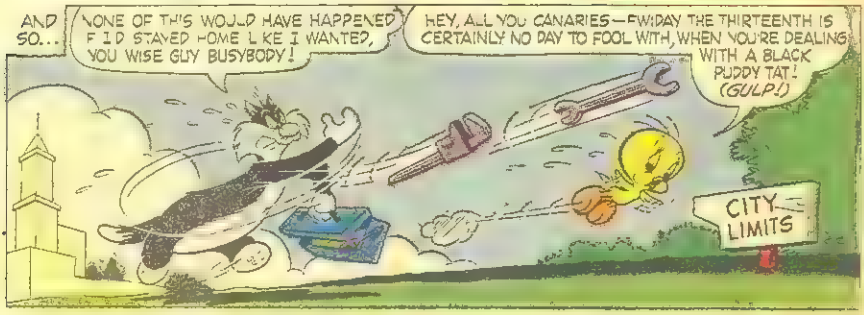

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! EXPLAIN THIS ONE! MAKE IT SNAPPY!
THAT MUTT HAS BEEN AFTER YOU FOR WEEKS! HE WAS BOUND TO GET YOU, AND IT JUST HAPPENED TO BE TODAY!
SNAP! SNAP!


IS THAT LOGICAL ENOUGH, PUDDY?
JUST BARELY: BUT NOTHING ELSE BETTER HAPPEN TODAY, THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY:

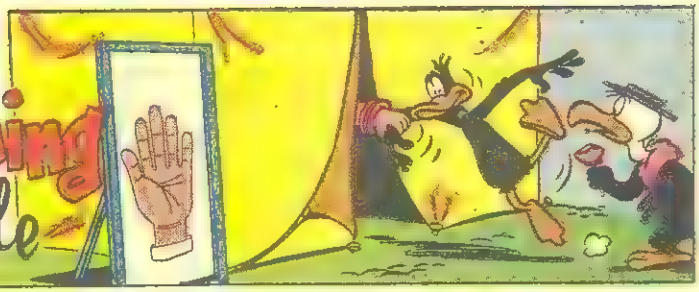

MEANWHILE, A FEW FLOORS UP...
JUNIOR! DON'T THROW THAT OUT THE WINDOW! THAT'S DADDY'S NEW TOOL BOX!
WHEEE!

EGAD.
CLANK!


EXPLAIN IT! EXPLAIN IT! EXPLAIN IT!
(GULP!) I CAN-PUDDY: JUST BAD LUCK, I GUESS.


AND SO...
NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF I'D STAYED HOME LIKE I WANTED, YOU WISE GUY BUSYBODY!
HEY, ALL YOU CANARIES—FWIDAY THE THIRTEENTH IS CERTAINLY NO DAY TO FOOL WITH, WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH A BLACK PUDDY TAT! (GULP!)
CITY LIMITS

The Witching Apple



Daffy Duck and Beaky Buzzard wandered through the noisy street carnival, looking at the bright lights, listening to the blaring music, and wishing they had some money to spend. Beaky had one lone nickel in his pocket, and Daffy had nothing.

A smiling man stopped them. "Wanna buy a magic apple, boys?" he asked, holding up a candy apple on a stick. "Only five cents, and it'll make three wishes come true when you eat it! That's the truth!"

"We don't believe in magic," Daffy jeered.

"I do!" Beaky sputtered. "I'll take that apple!" And he gave his nickel to the man.

Beaky offered Daffy a bite, but the disgusted Daffy refused. So Beaky ate the whole apple.

"Now I'll make my first wish," he said, closing his eyes. "I wish we could earn some spending money somehow!"

They walked on slowly, but nothing happened. Then, as they passed the tent of Madame Lola, the fortune teller, a hand grasped Daffy's arm and jerked him inside. Beaky followed him into the shadowy tent.

"Wh-Who are Y-YOU?" Daffy stammered, looking at a veiled figure, standing beside a glowing crystal ball.

"I am Madame Lola," the figure answered, holding a small china doll and two silver dollars in the crystal ball's glow. "I will pay you these two silver dollars to take this doll to Tom, the toy man, in the end booth. I have decided not to buy it."

"My wish came true," Beaky gasped, and Daffy cried, "You've got two messengers, lady!"

Madame Lola gave the doll to Daffy. "I will pay you after you deliver the doll," she said. "Go quickly, and talk to no one!"

Daffy and Beaky skipped, hopped, and jumped down the crowded street. Daffy tossed the doll in the air and caught it deftly.

"Don't do that, Daffy!" Beaky warned.

But Daffy only laughed and tossed it again. As he reached to catch it, a running child bumped him. The falling doll slipped past his fingers and smashed on the ground.

"Now you've done it!" Beaky gulped. He stooped to pick up the pieces and gulped again. "Daffy! A ring was inside the doll!"

Daffy quacked excitedly, "A diamond ring!"

"Come with us, both of you!" a stern voice boomed as hands grasped their arms. They looked up into the unsmiling faces of two police officers.

"We d-didn't know the r-ring was in the doll," Daffy choked.

"And I suppose you didn't know about all the other jewelry that's been stolen at this carnival," one officer snapped.

The bewildered boys shook their heads and explained what had happened. Finally, the policemen locked them in a jail cell and went to find Madame Lola and the toy man.

"I sure wish we were outa here," Beaky groaned, as he and Daffy waited and waited.

A moment later, a policeman opened the cell door. "You can go now, boys," he said. "We caught Madame Lola and Tom, the toy man, at the bus station with the stolen stuff."

As they walked back to the carnival, Beaky sighed, "I still wish we had some money."

"Wait, boys!" a voice called, and a woman rushed up to them. "Here's a little reward for finding my diamond ring," she said, placing a five-dollar bill in Beaky's hand.

"My three wishes came true," Beaky chortled. "Do you believe in magic now, Daffy?"

"I sure do," Daffy grinned. "Let's try to find the apple man and buy another apple!"

WARNER BROS Beep Beep THE ROAD RUNNER

BOUNTY BAIT

HERE'S WHERE I CATCH THOSE RACY ROBINS FLAT-FOOTED! THEY'LL NEVER EXPECT ME TO DROP OUT OF THE SKY WITH THIS PARACHUTE ON! HEH, HEH!

BEEP BEEP!

GERONIMO!

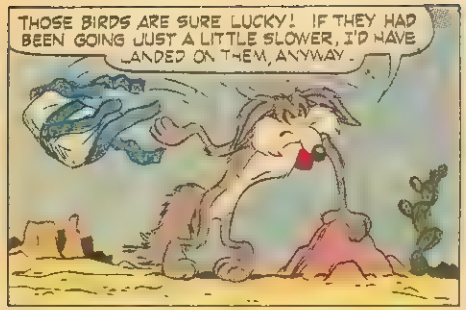
NOW TO PULL THE RIP CORD AND... GOOD GRIEF! IT DIDN'T OPEN!

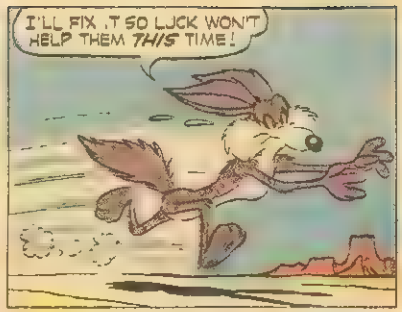
ZIP!

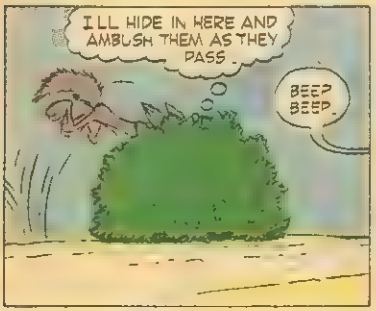
BEEP BEEP!

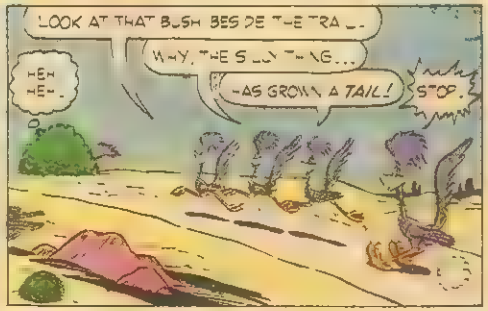
SPLAT!

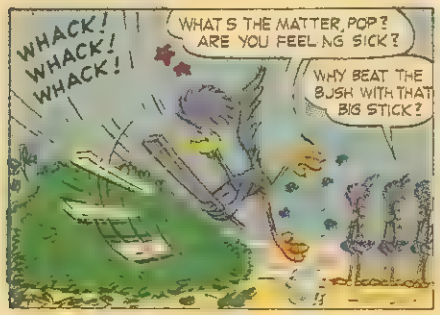
BELIEVE ME, THE ACE PARACHUTE COMPANY IS GOING TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!


THOSE BIRDS ARE SURE LUCKY! IF THEY HAD BEEN GOING JUST A LITTLE SLOWER, I'D HAVE LANDED ON THEM, ANYWAY.

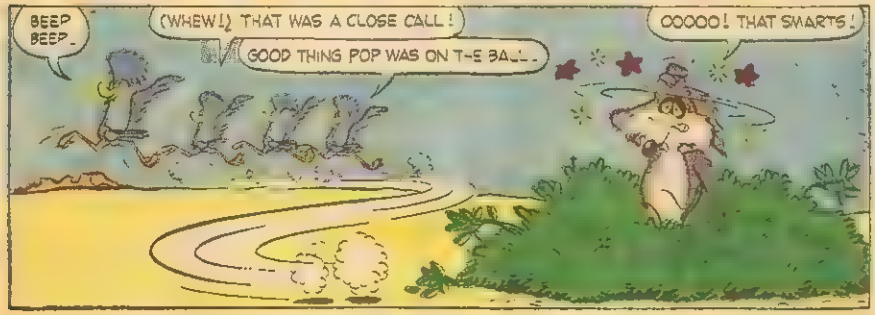

I'LL FIX IT SO LUCK WON'T HELP THEM *THIS* TIME!


I'LL HIDE IN HERE AND AMBUSH THEM AS THEY PASS.
BEEP BEEP.

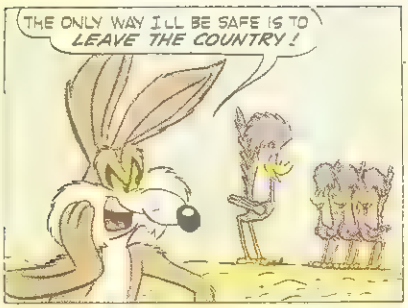

LOOK AT THAT BUSH BESIDE THE TRAIL.
WHY, THE SILLY THING...
HEH HEH.
HAS GROWN A *TAIL!*
STOP.

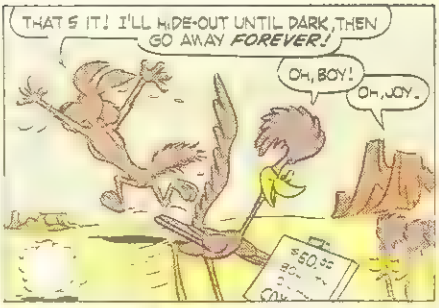

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, POP? ARE YOU FEELING SICK?
WHY BEAT THE BUSH WITH THAT BIG STICK?

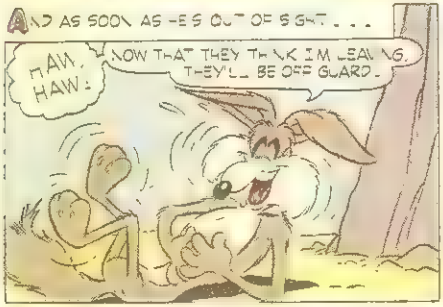
BECAUSE I KNOW A BUSH CAN'T GROW HAIR! THAT'S THE COYOTE'S TAIL—HE'S HIDING THERE.

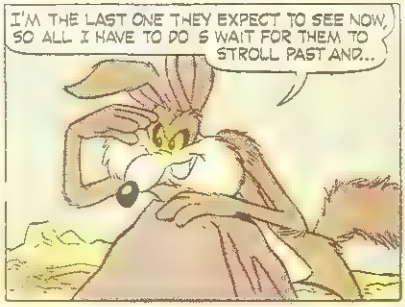

BEEP BEEP.
(WHEW!) THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
GOOD THING POP WAS ON THE BALL.
OOOOO! THAT SMARTS!

DING BLAST IT! THERE'S JUST NO WAY TO CATCH THEM OFF GUARD.
OR IS THERE?
BY GEORGE, I THINK I'VE JUST HIT ON A PERFECT PLAN.
SHORTLY...
$50.00 BOUNTY ON A COYOTES!
HERE THEY COME AGAIN. NOW TO GO INTO MY ACT!
AWK, OH DEAR OH E. THIS IS TERRIBLE!
NO NO, IT CAN'T BE!
MY, OH, MY! HE'S IN SUCH A STEW!
IT'S THIS SIGN, THAT'S WHAT! THEY'VE PUT A FIFTY DOLLAR BOUNTY ON US COYOTES!
COYOTES
THAT MEANS EVERYBODY FOR MILES AROUND WILL BE TRYING TO SHOOT ME FOR THE REWARD. I'LL NEVER BE SAFE!

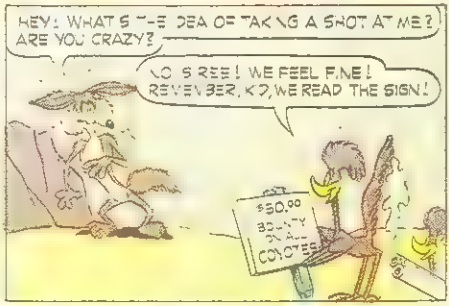

THE ONLY WAY I'LL BE SAFE IS TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY!

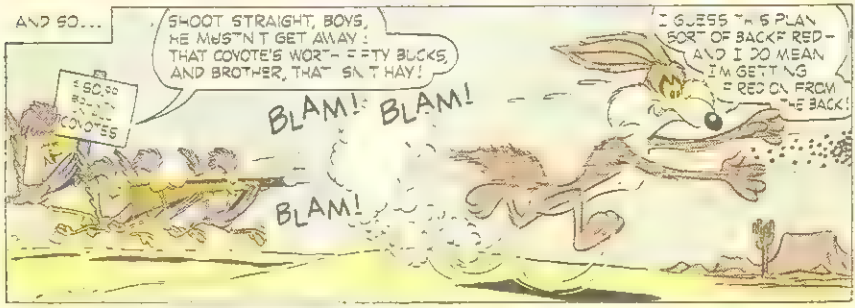

THAT'S IT! I'LL HIDE-OUT UNTIL DARK, THEN GO AWAY FOREVER!
OH, BOY!
OH, JOY.


AND AS SOON AS HE'S OUT OF SIGHT . . .
HAW, HAW!
NOW THAT THEY THINK I'M LEAVING, THEY'LL BE OFF GUARD.


I'M THE LAST ONE THEY EXPECT TO SEE NOW, SO ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THEM TO STROLL PAST AND...

?
READY-AIM-FIRE!!
BLAM


HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TAKING A SHOT AT ME? ARE YOU CRAZY?
NO SIREE! WE FEEL FINE! REMEMBER, KID, WE READ THE SIGN!
$50.00 BOUNTY ON ALL COYOTES


AND SO...
SHOOT STRAIGHT, BOYS, HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY! THAT COYOTE'S WORTH FIFTY BUCKS, AND BROTHER, THAT ISN'T HAY!
$50.00 BOUNTY ON ALL COYOTES
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!
I GUESS THIS PLAN SORT OF BACKFIRED - AND I DO MEAN I'M GETTING FIRED ON FROM THE BACK!

WARNER BROS.

TWEETY and SYLVESTER

HEADS UP

OH, DEAR. HERE COMES THE PUDDY. NOW I MUST FLEE FOR MY LITTLE LIFE, BECAUSE HE IS ALWAYS MEAN TO ME

HEH, HEH.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE HE SPOTS ME, OR I'M A GONER!

SOUP

LA DE DA ..♫

GULP!

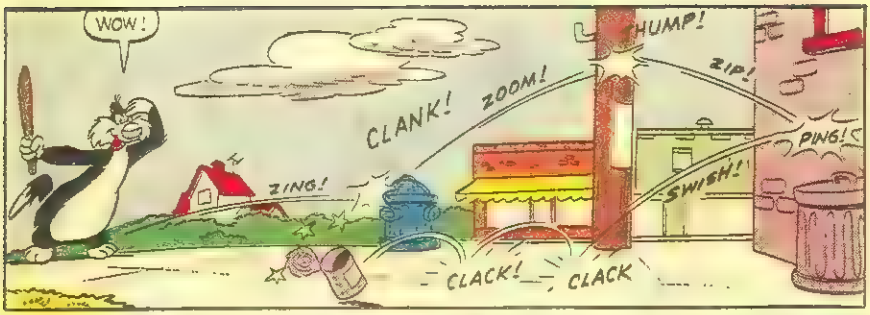
ME... WELL... AN OLD SOUP CAN! HA, HA! I'LL PRETEND LIKE IT'S A GOLF BALL!

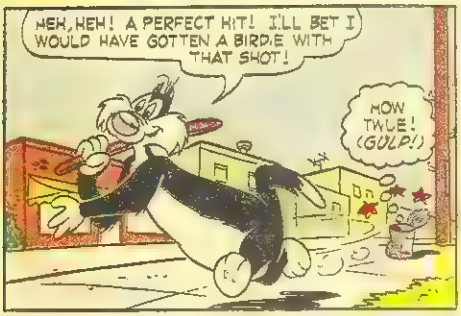
OH, NO!

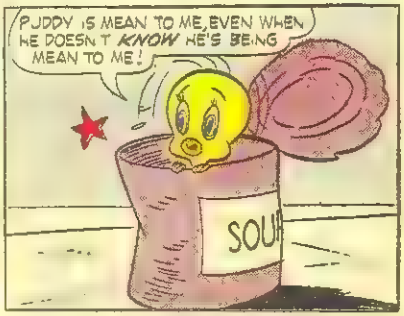
FORE!

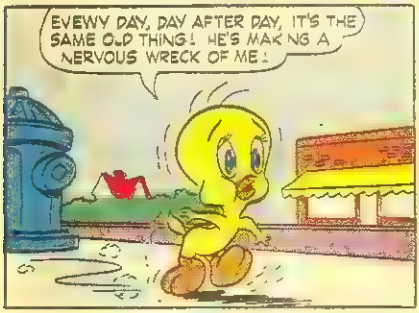
OOF!

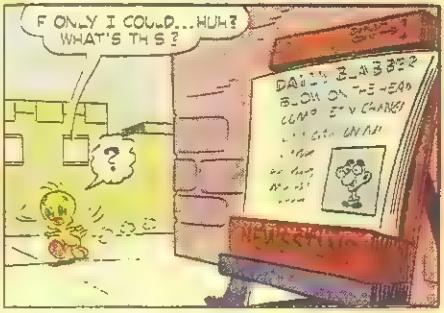
CRACK!

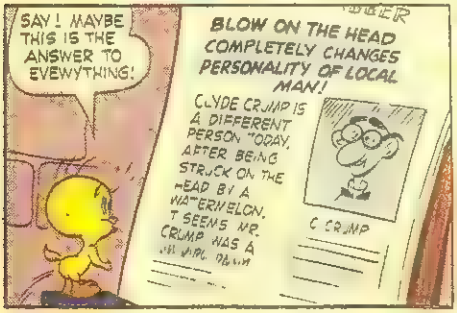

WOW!
ZING!
CLANK!
ZOOM!
HUMP!
ZIP!
PING!
SWISH!
CLACK!
CLACK

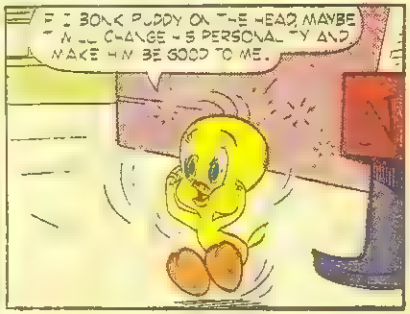

HEH, HEH! A PERFECT HIT! I'LL BET I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN A BIRDIE WITH THAT SHOT!
HOW TWUE! (GULP!)


PUDDY IS MEAN TO ME, EVEN WHEN HE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S BEING MEAN TO ME!


EVEWY DAY, DAY AFTER DAY, IT'S THE SAME OLD THING! HE'S MAKING A NERVOUS WRECK OF ME!

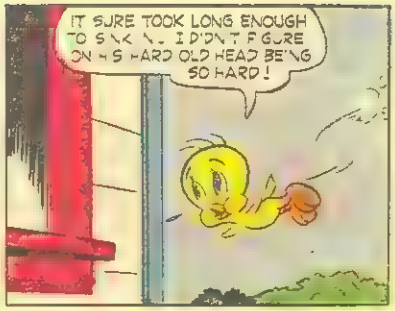

IF ONLY I COULD... HUH? WHAT'S THIS?
?

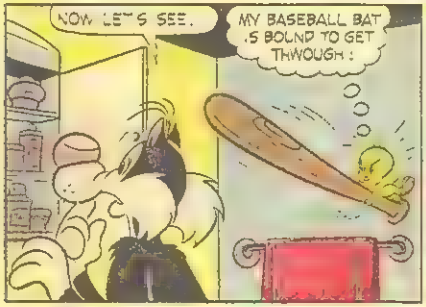

SAY! MAYBE THIS IS THE ANSWER TO EVEWYTHING!
BLOW ON THE HEAD COMPLETELY CHANGES PERSONALITY OF LOCAL MAN!
CLYDE CRUMP IS A DIFFERENT PERSON TODAY, AFTER BEING STRUCK ON THE HEAD BY A WATERMELON. IT SEEMS MR. CRUMP HAS A
C CRUMP

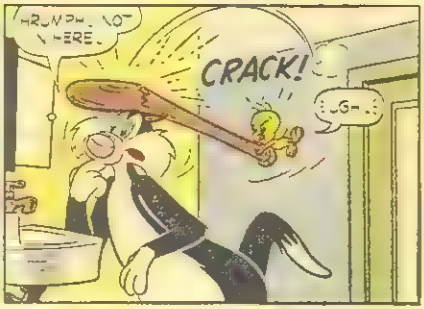

IF I BONK PUDDY ON THE HEAD, MAYBE IT WILL CHANGE HIS PERSONALITY AND MAKE HIM BE GOOD TO ME.

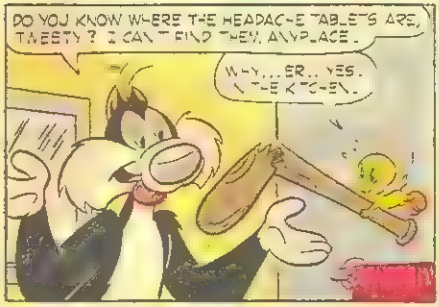
HOT ZIGGETY! IT'S WORTH A TWY!
SHORTLY...
MY BASEBALL OUGHT TO DO THE TWICK.
HMM - DE DA DE DA...
BOMBS AWAY!
ZING!
RAZZA MATAZZ!
BONK!
ZOOM.
HOTCHA! HOTCHA! RICKEY TICK!
?
DA DA DE DUM DUM.
?
!
SNAP! SNAP!
SNAP! SNAP!
OUCH!
?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, PUDDY?
I HAD A SHARP STABBING PAIN ALL OF A SUDDEN! I MUST HAVE A HEADACHE COMING ON!

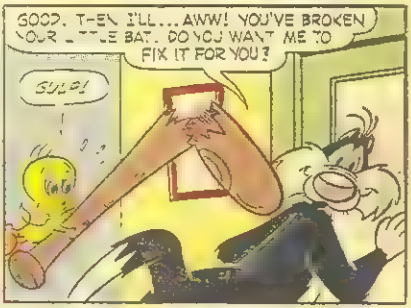
I'D BETTER GO IN AND TAKE SOMETHING FOR IT. MAYBE I CAN NIP IT IN THE BUD!
?
SIGH.

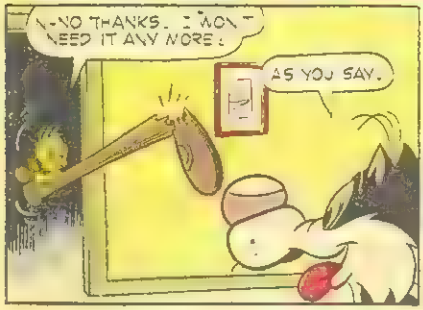

IT SURE TOOK LONG ENOUGH TO SINK IN. I DON'T FIGURE ON HIS HARD OLD HEAD BEING SO HARD!

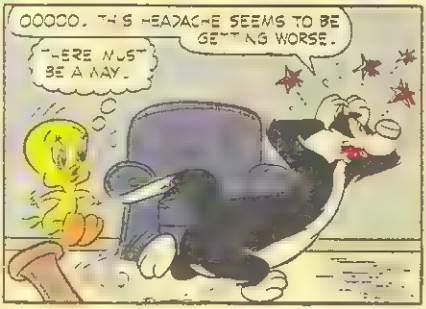

NOW LET'S SEE.
MY BASEBALL BAT IS BOUND TO GET THROUGH!

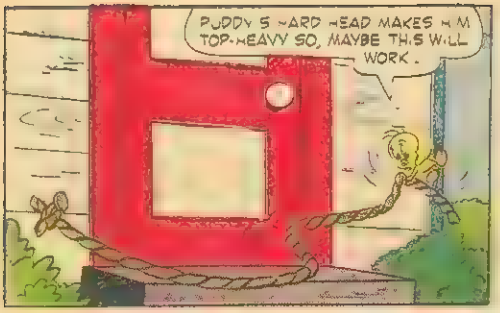

HRUMPH. NOT THERE.
CRACK!
SIGH...

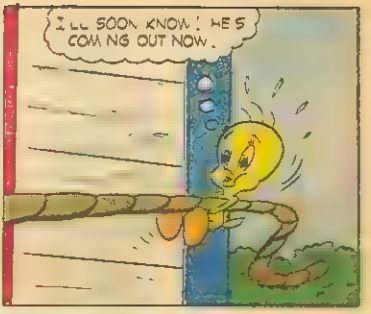

DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE HEADACHE TABLETS ARE, TWEETY? I CAN'T FIND THEM ANYPLACE.
WHY... ER.. YES. IN THE KITCHEN.

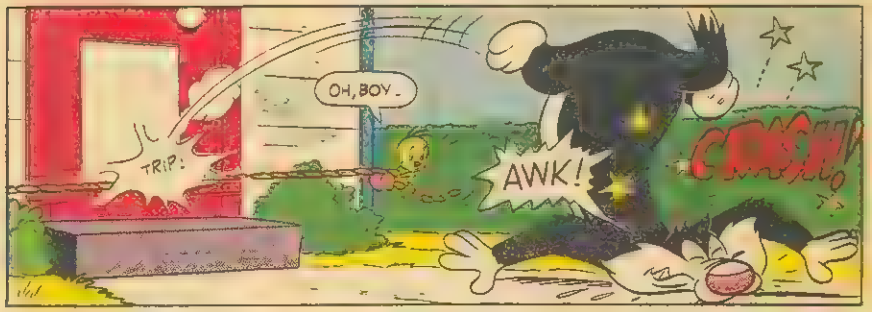

GOOD. THEN I'LL... AWW! YOU'VE BROKEN YOUR LITTLE BAT. DO YOU WANT ME TO FIX IT FOR YOU?
GULP!

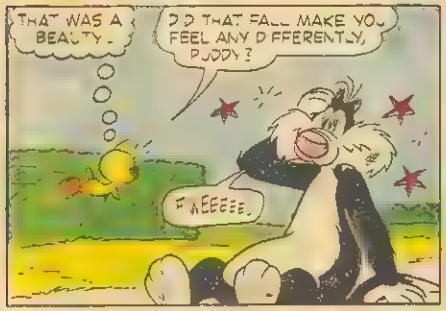

N-NO THANKS. I WON'T NEED IT ANY MORE.
AS YOU SAY.

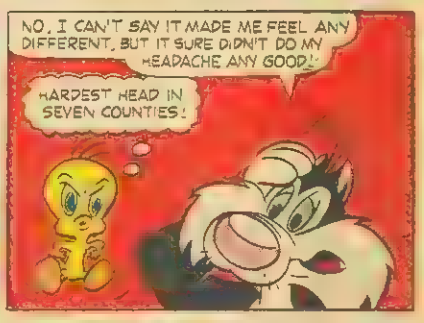

OOOOO. THIS HEADACHE SEEMS TO BE GETTING WORSE.
THERE MUST BE A WAY.

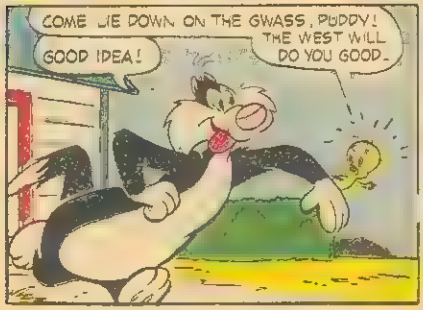

PUDDY'S HARD HEAD MAKES HIM TOP-HEAVY SO, MAYBE THIS WILL WORK.

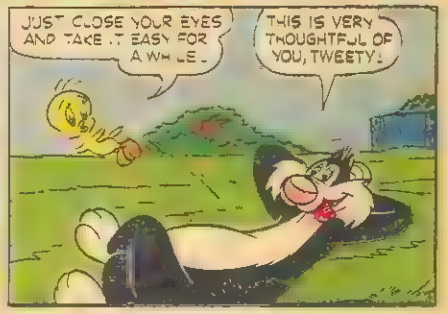

I'LL SOON KNOW! HE'S COMING OUT NOW.

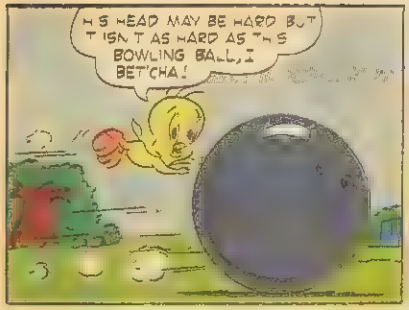

OH, BOY.
TRIP!
AWK!
CRASH!

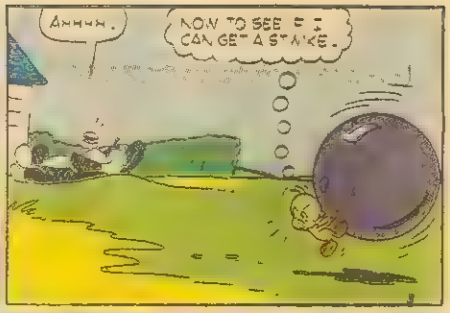

THAT WAS A BEAUTY.
DID THAT FALL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY DIFFERENTLY, PUDDY?
FWEEEEE.

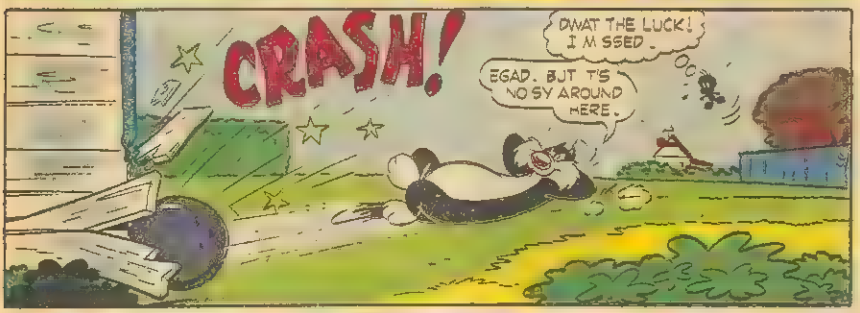

NO, I CAN'T SAY IT MADE ME FEEL ANY DIFFERENT, BUT IT SURE DIDN'T DO MY HEADACHE ANY GOOD!
HARDEST HEAD IN SEVEN COUNTIES!

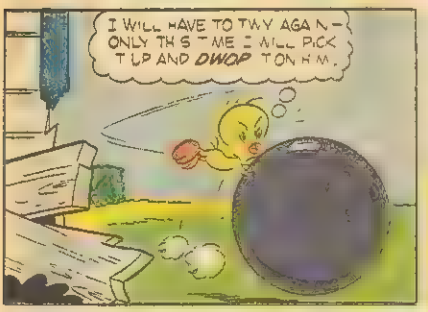

COME LIE DOWN ON THE GWASS, PUDDY! THE WEST WILL DO YOU GOOD.
GOOD IDEA!

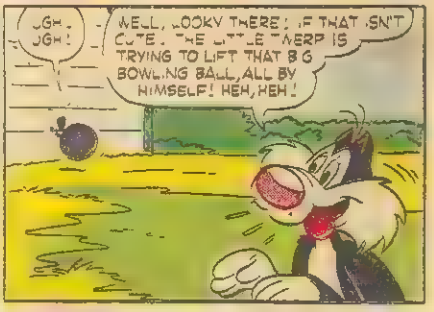

JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE.
THIS IS VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, TWEETY!

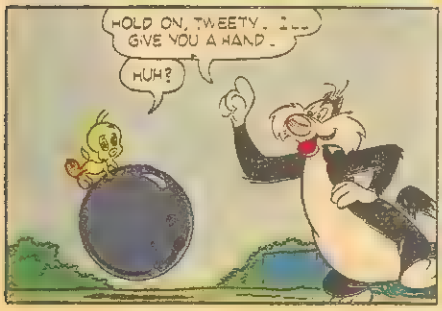

HIS HEAD MAY BE HARD BUT IT ISN'T AS HARD AS THIS BOWLING BALL, I BET'CHA!

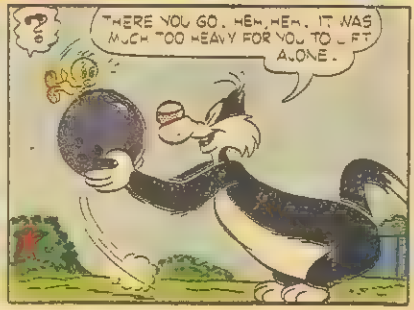

AHHHH.
NOW TO SEE IF I CAN GET A STRIKE.

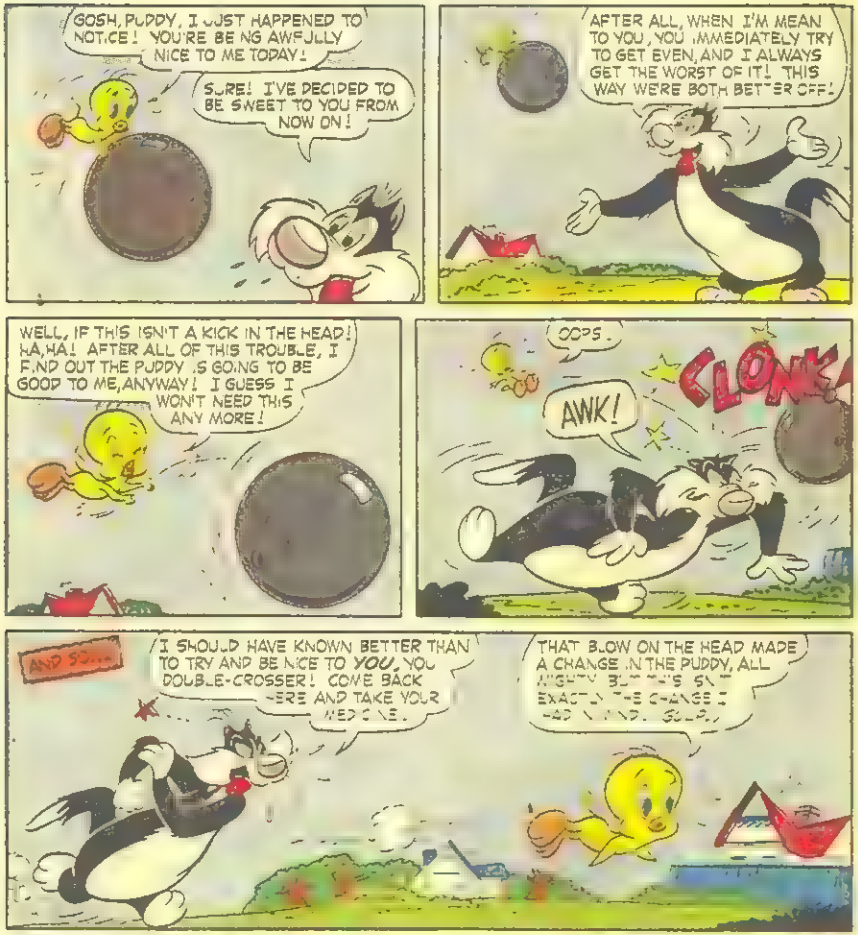

CRASH!
DWAT THE LUCK! I MISSED.
EGAD. BUT IT'S NOSY AROUND HERE.


I WILL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN— ONLY THIS TIME I WILL PICK IT UP AND DWOP IT ON HIM.


UGH. UGH!
WELL, LOOKY THERE! IF THAT ISN'T CUTE. THE LITTLE TWERP IS TRYING TO LIFT THAT BIG BOWLING BALL, ALL BY HIMSELF! HEH, HEH!


HOLD ON, TWEETY. I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND.
HUH?


?
THERE YOU GO. HEH, HEH. IT WAS MUCH TOO HEAVY FOR YOU TO LIFT ALONE.



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Tweety And Sylvester published quarterly at New York 1, N. Y., for October 1, 1959.

The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company, as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

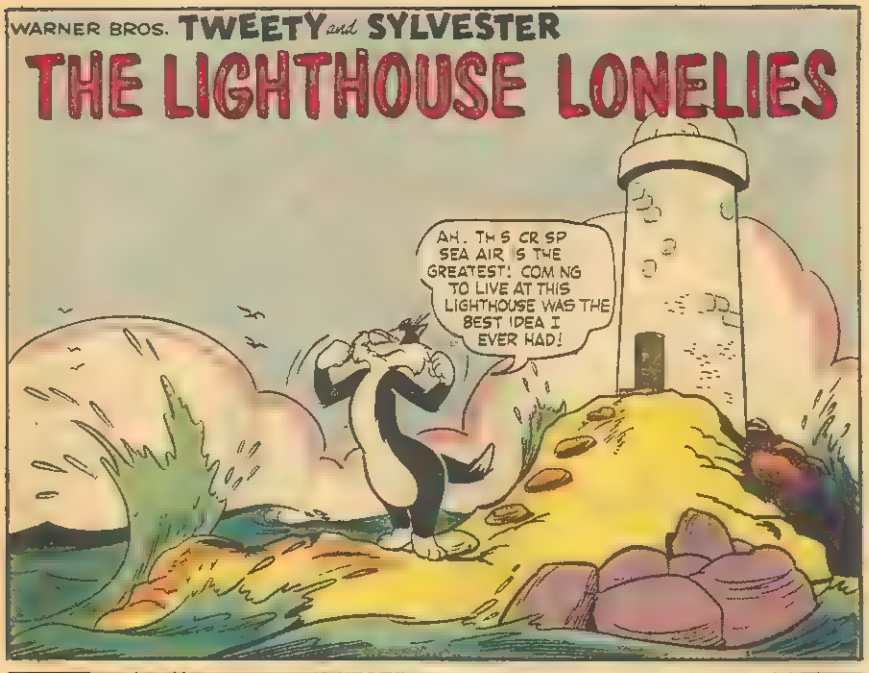
(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

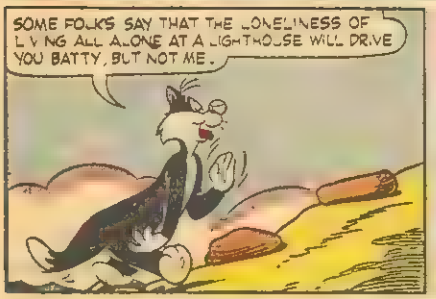
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1959.

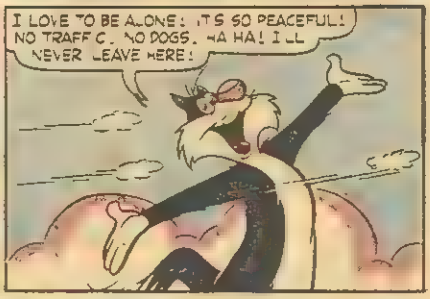
JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1960)

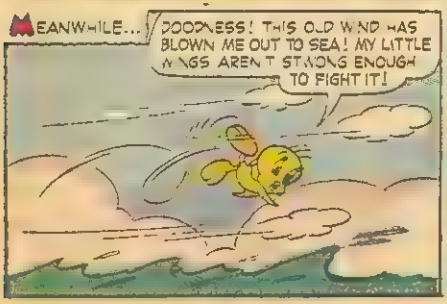
WARNER BROS. **TWEETY** *and* **SYLVESTER**

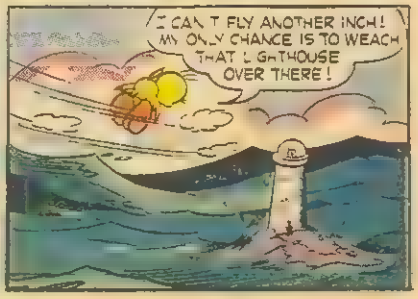
THE LIGHTHOUSE LONELIES

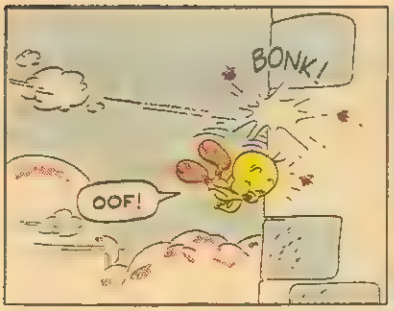


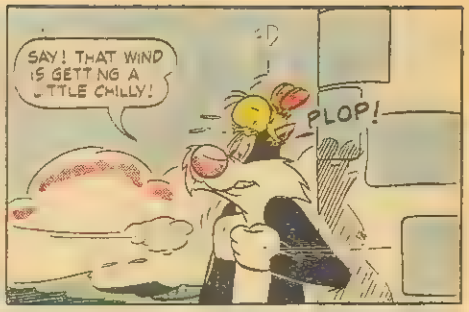


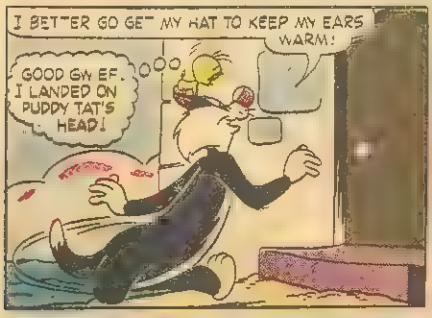


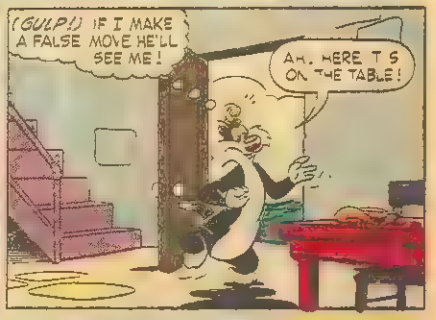


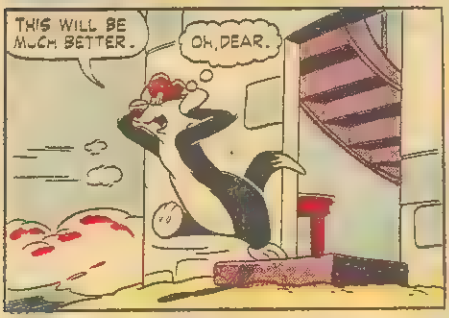


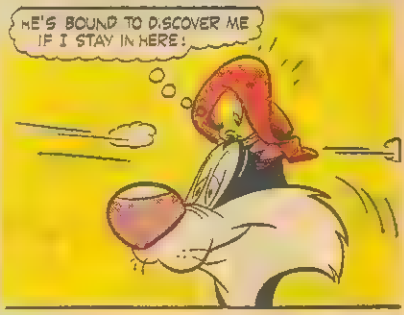

BONK!
OOF!

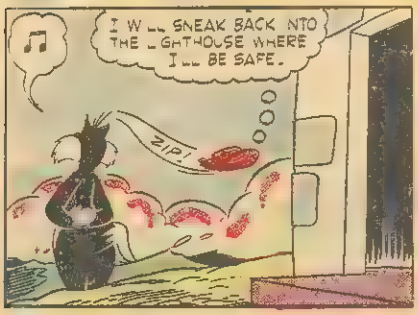

SAY! THAT WIND IS GETTING A LITTLE CHILLY!
PLOP!

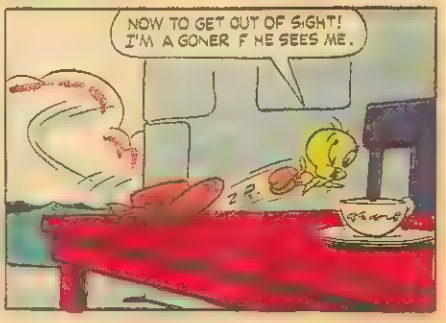

I BETTER GO GET MY HAT TO KEEP MY EARS WARM!
GOOD GWEF. I LANDED ON PUDDY TAT'S HEAD!

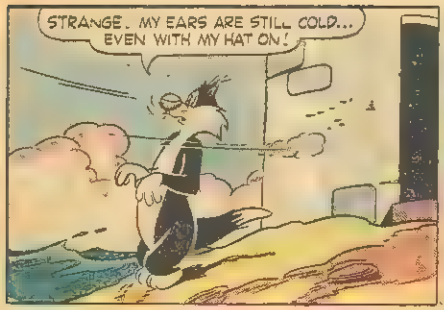

(GULP!) IF I MAKE A FALSE MOVE HE'LL SEE ME!
AH. HERE IT IS ON THE TABLE!

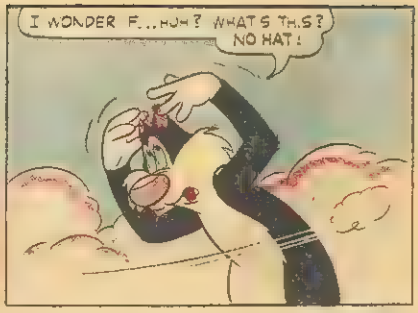

THIS WILL BE MUCH BETTER.
OH, DEAR.

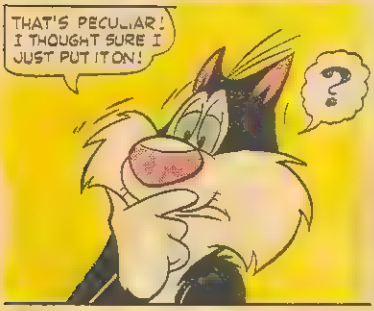

HE'S BOUND TO DISCOVER ME IF I STAY IN HERE!

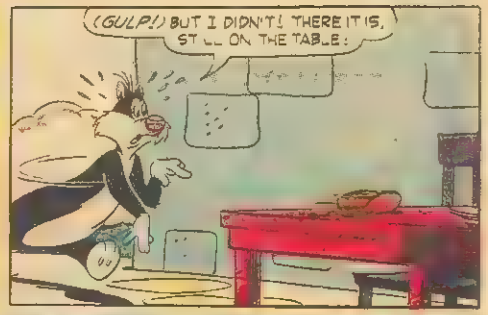

♫
I WILL SNEAK BACK INTO THE LIGHTHOUSE WHERE I'LL BE SAFE.
ZIP!

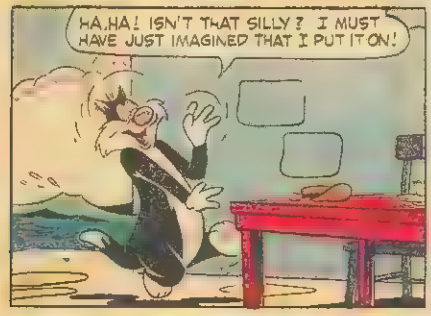

NOW TO GET OUT OF SIGHT! I'M A GONER IF HE SEES ME.
ZZZ.

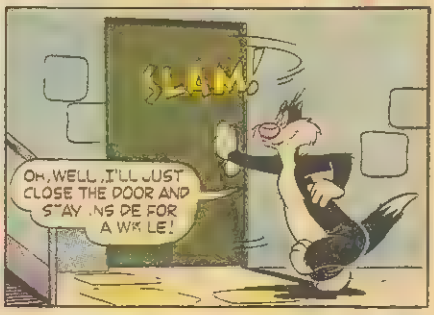

STRANGE. MY EARS ARE STILL COLD... EVEN WITH MY HAT ON!

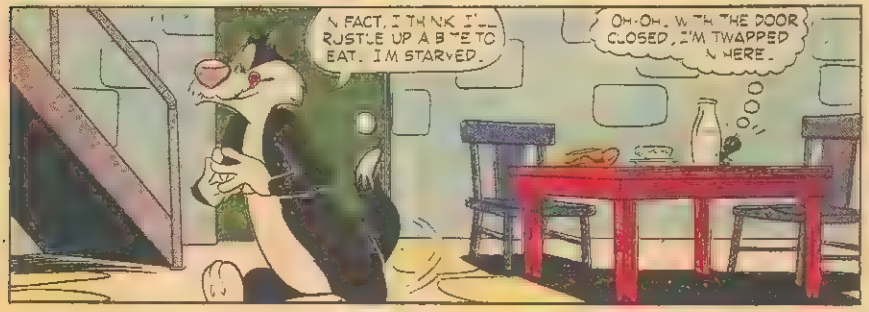

I WONDER F...HUH? WHAT'S THIS? NO HAT!

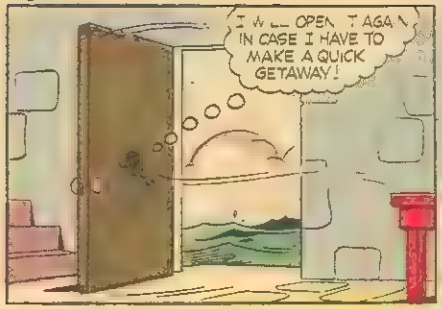

THAT'S PECULIAR! I THOUGHT SURE I JUST PUT IT ON!
?

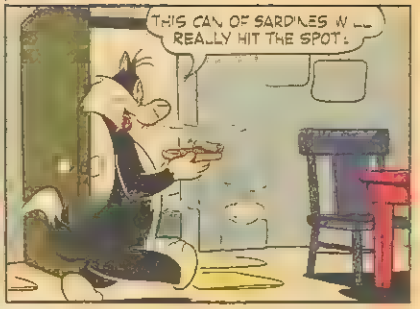

(GULP!) BUT I DIDN'T! THERE IT IS, STILL ON THE TABLE!

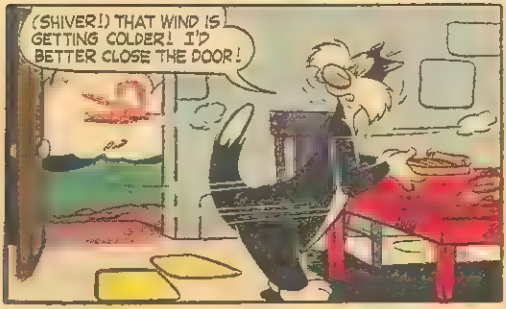

HA,HA! ISN'T THAT SILLY? I MUST HAVE JUST IMAGINED THAT I PUT IT ON!


SLAM
OH, WELL, I'LL JUST CLOSE THE DOOR AND STAY INSIDE FOR A WHILE!

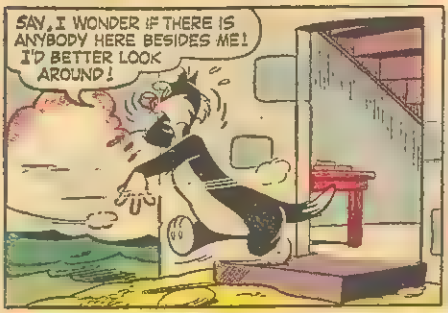

IN FACT, I THINK I'LL RUSTLE UP A BITE TO EAT. I'M STARVED.
OH-OH. WITH THE DOOR CLOSED, I'M TRAPPED IN HERE.

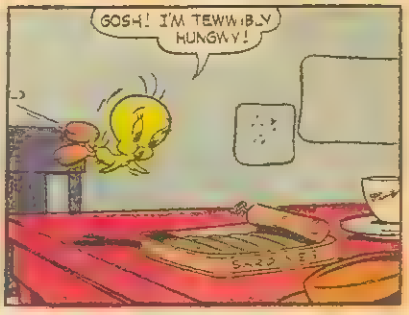

I WILL OPEN IT AGAIN IN CASE I HAVE TO MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY!

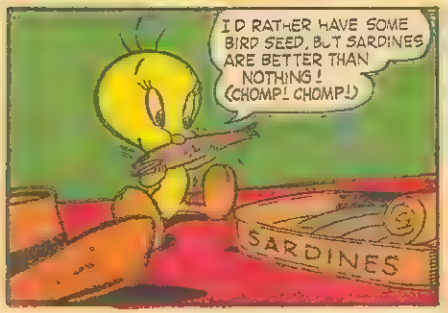

THIS CAN OF SARDINES WILL REALLY HIT THE SPOT!

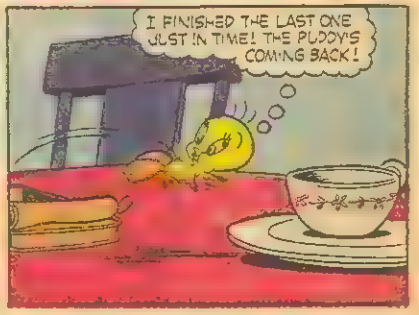

(SHIVER!) THAT WIND IS GETTING COLDER! I'D BETTER CLOSE THE DOOR!

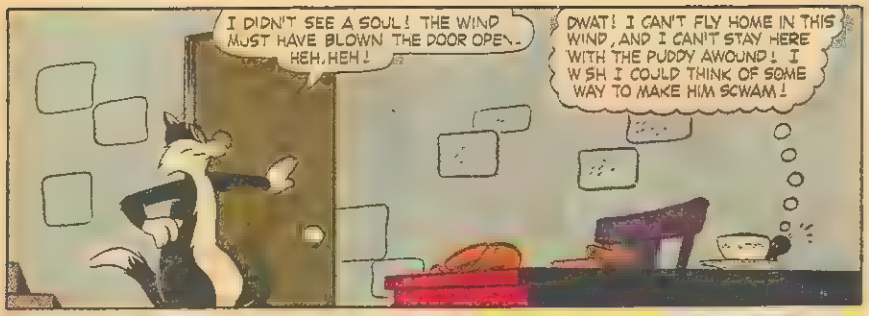
CLOSE THE DOOR!? I THOUGHT I JUST DID THAT.

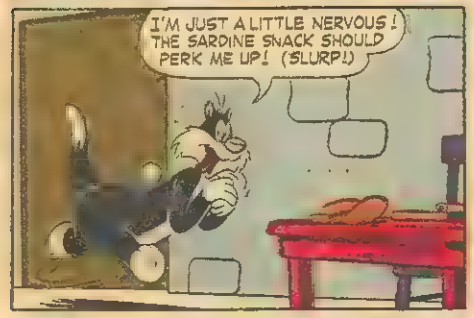

SAY, I WONDER IF THERE IS ANYBODY HERE BESIDES ME! I'D BETTER LOOK AROUND!

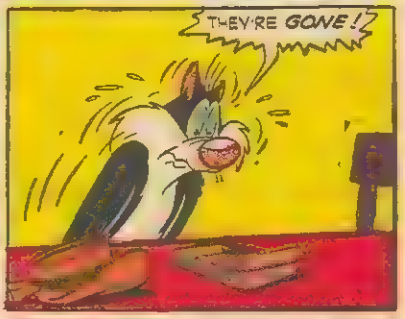

GOSH! I'M TEWWIBLY HUNGWY!

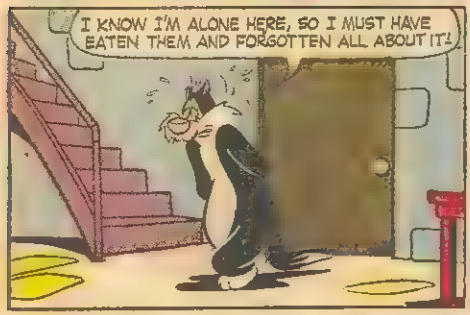

I'D RATHER HAVE SOME BIRD SEED, BUT SARDINES ARE BETTER THAN NOTHING! (CHOMP! CHOMP!)
SARDINES

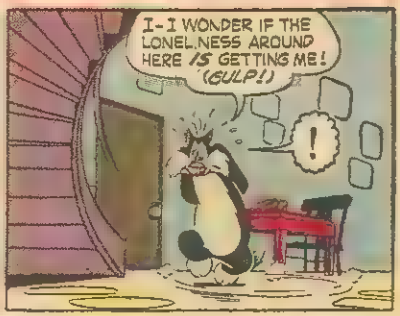

I FINISHED THE LAST ONE JUST IN TIME! THE PUDDY'S COMING BACK!

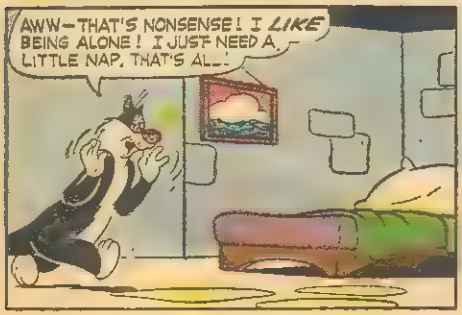

I DIDN'T SEE A SOUL! THE WIND MUST HAVE BLOWN THE DOOR OPEN.- HEH. HEH!
DWAT! I CAN'T FLY HOME IN THIS WIND, AND I CAN'T STAY HERE WITH THE PUDDY AWOUND! I W SH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO MAKE HIM SCWAM!

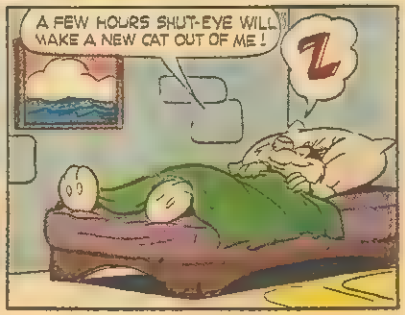

I'M JUST A LITTLE NERVOUS! THE SARDINE SNACK SHOULD PERK ME UP! (SLURP!)

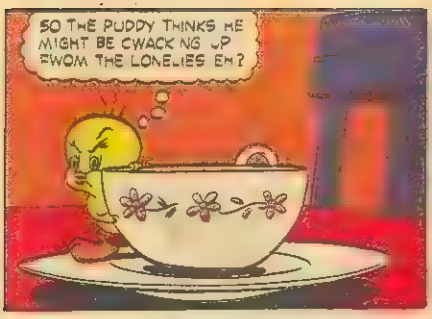

THEY'RE GONE!

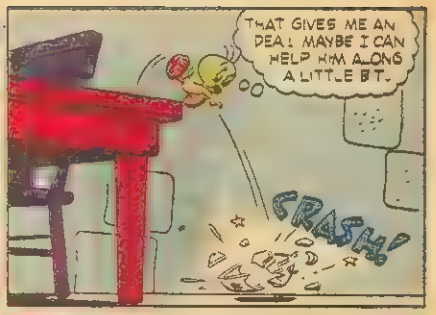

I KNOW I'M ALONE HERE, SO I MUST HAVE EATEN THEM AND FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT!

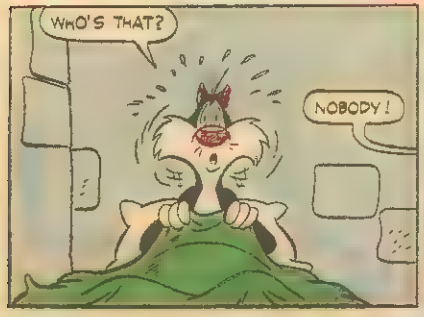

I-I WONDER IF THE LONELINESS AROUND HERE IS GETTING ME! (GULP!)
!

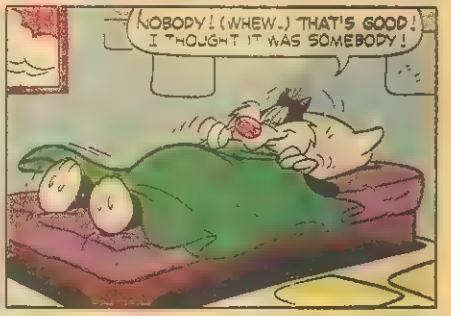

AWW—THAT'S NONSENSE! I LIKE BEING ALONE! I JUST NEED A LITTLE NAP, THAT'S ALL!

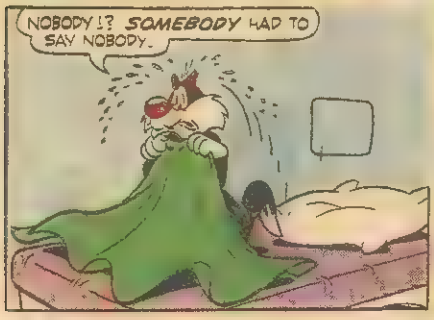

A FEW HOURS SHUT-EYE WILL MAKE A NEW CAT OUT OF ME!
Z

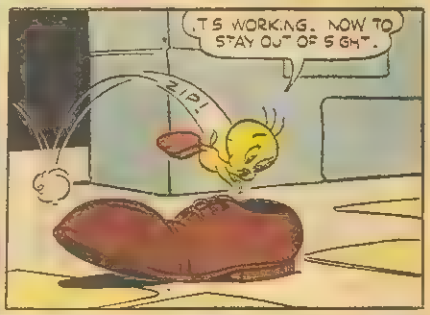

SO THE PUDDY THINKS HE MIGHT BE CWACK NG UP FWOM THE LONELIES EM?

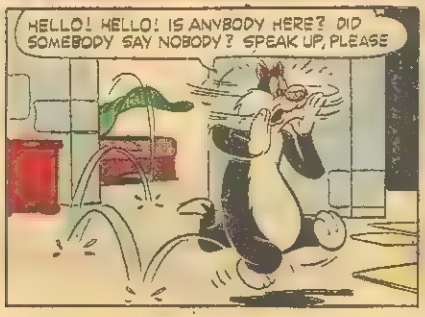

THAT GIVES ME AN DEA! MAYBE I CAN HELP HIM ALONG A LITTLE BIT.
CRASH!

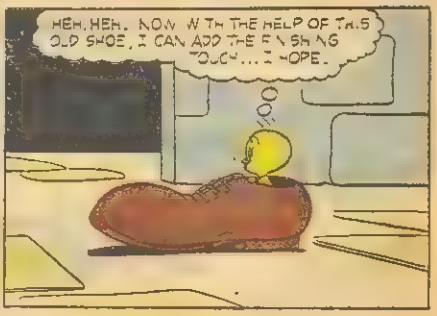

WHO'S THAT?
NOBODY!


NOBODY! (WHEW.) THAT'S GOOD! I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMEBODY!


NOBODY!? SOMEBODY HAD TO SAY NOBODY.


IT'S WORKING. NOW TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT.
ZIP!

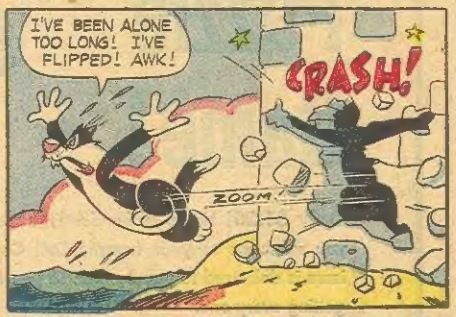

HELLO! HELLO! IS ANYBODY HERE? DID SOMEBODY SAY NOBODY? SPEAK UP, PLEASE


HEH, HEH. NOW WITH THE HELP OF THIS OLD SHOE, I CAN ADD THE FINISHING TOUCH... I HOPE.

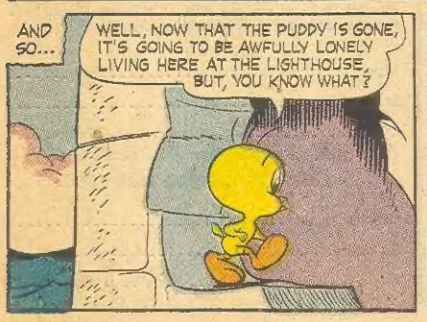
I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS THING OUT!
WOULD YOU MIND OPENING THE DOOR FOR ME, PLEASE?
THUMP!
THUMP!

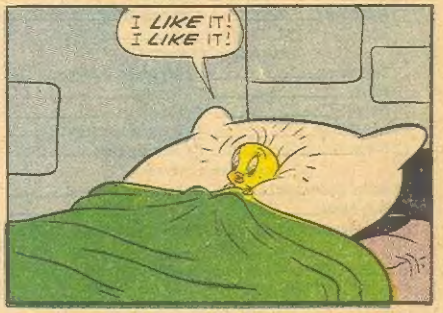
I'D BE GLAD TO! THIS WAY, PLEASE!
THANK YOU!
THUMP!

WHAT? A WALKING, TALKING SHOE?
THUMP!


I'VE BEEN ALONE TOO LONG! I'VE FLIPPED! AWK!
CRASH!
ZOOM!

I'M HEADING BACK TO THE MAINLAND WHERE I CAN FIND COMPANY! LOTS OF COMPANY!
SILLY OLD PUDDY! HE PICKS THE COLDEST DAY OF THE YEAR TO GO SWIMMING! HA, HA!
SPLASH!


AND SO...
WELL, NOW THAT THE PUDDY IS GONE, IT'S GOING TO BE AWFULLY LONELY LIVING HERE AT THE LIGHTHOUSE, BUT, YOU KNOW WHAT?


I LIKE IT! I LIKE IT!

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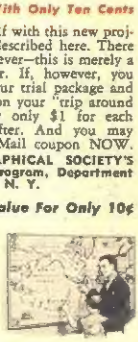

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